

The most lamentable Tragedie

And make them know what tis to let a Queene,
Kneele in the streets, and begge for grace in vaine.
Come, come sweet Emperour, (come *Andronicus*.)
Take vp thys good old man, and cheere the hart,
That dies in tempest of thy angry frowne.

Satur. Rise Titus rise, my Empresse hath preuaild.

Titus. I thanke your maiestie, and her my Lord.
These wordes, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tamora. Titus I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must aduise the Emperour for his good,
Thys day all quarrels die *Andronicus*.
And let it be mine honour good my Lord,
That I haue reconciled your friends and you.
For you prince *Bassianus* I haue past
My word and promise to the Emperour,
That you will be more milde and tractable.
And feare not Lords, and you *Launia*,
By my aduise all humbled on your knees,
You shall aske pardon of his Maiestie.

We doe, and vowe to heauen, and to his highnes;
That what we did, was mildly as we might,
Tending our sisters honour and our owne.

Marcus. That on mine honour heere I doe protest.

Satur. Away and talke not, trouble vs no more.

Tamora. Nay, nay sweet Emperour, we must all be friends,
The Tribune and his Nephews kneele for grace,
I will not be denied, sweet hart looke back.

Satur. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brothers heere,
And at my louelie *Tamorae* intreats,
I doe remit these young mens hainous faults,
Stand vp: *Launia*, though you left me like a churle,
I found a friend, and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a Batchiler from the priest.

Coms

of Titus Andronicus.

Come, if the Emperours court can feast two Brides,
You are my guest *Launia*, and your friendes:
Thys day shall be a loue-day *Tamora*.

Titus. To morrow and it please your maiestie,
To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,
With horne and hound, wee le giue your grace bon io

Satur. Be it so Titus, and gramercie to.

sound trumpets, manet Moore.

Aron. Now climeth *Tamora* Olympus toppe,
Safe out of Fortunes shot, and sits aloft,
Secure of thunders cracke or lightning flash,
Aduanc'd aboue pale enuies threatning reach,
As when the golden sunne salutes the morne,
And hauing gilt the Ocean with his beames,
Gallops the Zodiacke in his glistering coach,
And ouer-lookes the highest piercing hills.

So *Tamora*.

Vpon her wit doth earthly honour waite,
And vertue stoops and trembles at her frowne.
Then *Aron* arme thy hart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy Emperiall Mistris,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fettred in amorous chaines,
And faster bound to *Arons* charming eyes,
Then is *Prometheus* tyde to *Caucasus*.
Away with flauish weedes and seruile thoughts,
I will be bright, and shine in pearle and gold,
To waite vpon this new made Emperesse.
To waite said I? to wanton with this Queene,
This Goddesse, this *Semerimis*, this Nymph,
Thys Syren, that will charme Romes *Saturnine*,
And see his shipwracke, and his Common-weales.
Hollo, what storme is this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius brauing.

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